



The Rhumb Line

Maine Maritime Museum

September 2001

Number 27

A Doryman's Day

"When I was about eleven years old, four of us had the chance to go 'Big Time.' We were waltzing around the docks one day on our customary patrols when Captain Wallace Walker, skipper of a fine dory vessel, asked us if we could use a dory. Beady little eyes perused him and waited for his next comment, because, you see, he had approached us first and begun the conversation. That went against the grain of every social custom on the waterfront. Skippers were big time; they were so exalted that you could even visualize them playing cribbage with God himself. Skippers never noticed wharf rats, and to speak to one first was simply never, never done. Finally, we said, 'What do we want a dory for, Captain?' Captain Walker replied, 'That be your business, t'ain't mine. But it seems to me as if some smart young fellahs had their own dory fit to go, well, they could maybe run a few lobster pots or skates of longline gear to catch black backs or yellowtails in the harbor, or maybe to get under the docks junking for scrap metal.' (Black backs and yellowtails were flounder and sole, and scrap metal could be sold to the 'junky man' for a quarter of a penny per pound.)

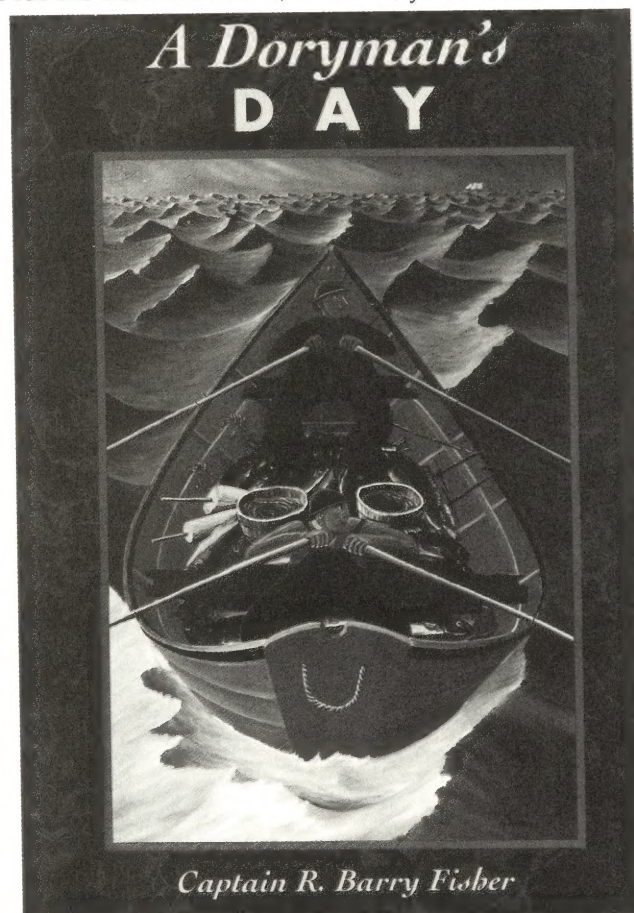
"Now boys," he said, "it just so happens that I had to condemn two dories, cause them young fellahs of mine on the vessel tell me they are too beat up for fishing in the ocean. Now if you young fellahs was to want them dories, you could help me get them up off the dock, out of the way, so to speak."

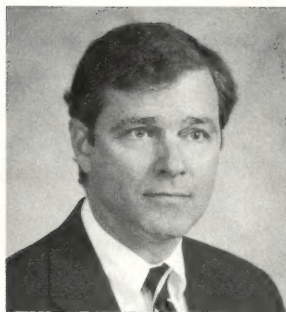
"He hitched up his pants and looked up at the sky, which was what all fishermen did when an offer was being made or something serious was being proposed. He continued, 'And maybe I could tell some young fellahs how to caulk her and brace her up and fit her out. We could scandalize frames and risers and planks from the other dory.' (Scandalize, in Gloucester, meant to break something up for spare parts.) We looked at Captain Walker as if he were soft in the head or maybe had dipped into some of that demon black rum, 151 proof, that all of his Baptist brethren yelled about so so much that everyone, Baptist or no, had to investigate at least one time or more.

"Captain Walker then spit a champion-sized gob of tobacco juice. We all looked at it lying in the street and realized that he was serious, because in those depression days in Gloucester, a fellah just couldn't be that free with tobacco juice unless he meant it."

A Doryman's Day, the collection of stirring, humorous, and thoroughly knowledgeable stories of the last days of fishing under sail by the late Capt. Barry Fisher, has finally arrived from the printer. The book derives from a wonderful presentation made by Capt. Fisher at our 1996 Maritime History Symposium, and includes other pieces of writing he put together since that time.

The book begins with "A Wharf Rat's Tale," the story of Capt. Fisher's introduction to the business of fishing, as a boy in Gloucester, Massachusetts, in the 1930s. Later in the story, the boys are introduced to the grief that the sea can bring to fishing families. (continued on page 11)





From the Chart Table

The season begins with fair weather and a modest increase in visitation. The new Dining/Meeting Space is well on the way toward its mid-September completion. The new Percy & Small gallery is being constructed, and final design and planning for the new Percy & Small exhibits is nearly completed.

This fall, the Museum is co-hosting the annual get together of the Council of American Maritime Museums (CAMP). Our co-hosts are our friends at the Penobscot Marine Museum in Searsport. CAMP attendees will travel from Bath to Searsport for a tour and to conduct its annual meeting. It is an honor and a privilege to host our colleagues here in Maine. Our Museum was a founding member of CAMP twenty-five years ago.

Also this fall, as mentioned elsewhere herein, we will host a gathering of classic motor and sailing vessels. This will be a great opportunity to both provide our visitors that weekend with great sights and sounds and also to get to know better a group of enthusiasts who share with us the goal of preserving a segment of our maritime heritage.



March 29



June 7

Tom

Thomas R. Wilcox, Jr.
Executive Director



July 31

All photos by Sue Drumm

The Rhumb Line Number 27 September 2001

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CLASSIC BOAT & ANTIQUE ENGINE RENDEZVOUS

September 15, 9:30AM — 5PM

Percy & Small shipyard will be the site of the Museum's first classic boat and antique engine rendezvous. The weekend's events will include displays of antique and classic power and sail boats, engines and old woodie cars. Behind the scenes tours will showcase the Museum's small craft collection. On Saturday afternoon, visitors may cast their vote for "best in show," with the lucky winners taking home half-hull models crafted in the Museum's Boatshop! An "Antique Boat Parade" into Merrymeeting Bay and the camaraderie of friends promises to make this a great weekend. If you have a boat, engine or car you'd like to show, please call 443-1316, ext. 0. (There are special "get-to-know-you" activities planned for participants!)

FALL QUARTERMASTERS' DAY

October 13, 2001 8:30 AM – 3 PM

On Saturday, the 13th of October, join new and "seasoned" Quartermasters who will once again put their shoulders where their hearts are, and help Maine Maritime Museum get ready to "reef down" for its winter journey. Work projects will begin at the appointed hour, but morning "mug up" and breakfast goodies will be available at 8 am. In addition to the work at hand, the opportunity to share in the camaraderie of "new and true" friends will avail itself during a hearty lunch and "splicing the main brace" (with wine and cheese) at day's end. Please call Ellen Conner (443-1316, ext. 350) to volunteer and bid on a station.

SIXTH ANNUAL PIRATES' PARTY

October 27, 6 — 9PM

Last year's Pirates' Party will be hard to top, but that's exactly what we plan to do!

The evening's fun will include pirate games (such as "Toss the Rat"), sea music, crafts, and storytelling around a bonfire, and the traditional treasure hunt. There have been reports that a roving band of pirates may once again attempt to take MMM. This family event has delighted participants in the past, and is a traditional we expect to maintain. Come in your most nautical or ghoulish costume, and experience "the Pirate Life"!!

A Shipyard in Maine

RECEIVES HONORABLE MENTION

The North American Society for Ocean History annually presents the John Lyman Book Award, recognizing significant contributions to maritime and naval history. The 2000 award-winners were announced at the Society's May meeting. In the category "U.S. Naval and Maritime History," Ralph Linwood Snow and Douglas K. Lee received Honorable Mention for *A Shipyard in Maine: Percy & Small and the Great Schooners*, co-published by Maine Maritime Museum and Tilbury House, Publishers. Previous Maine Maritime Museum publications to be so honored include *The Pattens of Bath: A Seagoing Dynasty*, by Kenneth R. Martin and Ralph Linwood Snow (Honorable Mention) and *Bath Iron Works: The First Hundred Years* by Ralph Linwood Snow (John Lyman Award). We look forward to continuing our high standards in publishing.

Museum Store Order Form			
Bill to:			
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Are you a current member? _____ Phone: () _____			
Items ordered:			
Snow Squall	_____ @ \$30.00 = \$ _____	Shipping and Handling	
A Doryman's Day	_____ @ \$15.00 = \$ _____	\$15. and Under	\$3.75
A Shipyard in Maine	_____ @ \$49.95 = \$ _____	\$15.01 - \$25.00	\$5.00
	Subtotal	\$25.01 - \$40.00	\$6.25
	Tax (ME res. 5%)	\$40.01 - \$60.00	\$7.50
	Shipping/handling	\$60.01 - \$77.00	\$9.00
	Total:	\$75.00 +	\$11.00
Check _____	Credit Card: Visa _____	M/C _____	Discover _____
Card # _____	Expiration Date _____		
Signature: _____			

Captain Quick and the *Edward Sewall*

"Bout the worst of all were the loss of my deare wife. She died on the 17th of October after [we'd] been out 90 days and [she] were sick nearly all the time. She never got on deck after the first week out." Captain Richard Quick wrote these words on December 23, 1899 on board the Bath ship *Henry Villard*. The *Villard* was lying "with every link of chain [out] on both anchors" in a "shoal and narrow gulf" at Tsingtau, China. Three feet of snow covered the decks. This information, together with other matters of vessel management and maritime commerce, is contained in a letter sent to his employers, Arthur Sewall & Co. at 411 Front Street, Bath.

Quick had just completed a 160-day voyage from New York to China with a cargo of case oil (kerosene), used then primarily as a lamp oil. Nellie Quick's passing had left her 31 year old husband with not only the grief of the event, but also the responsibility of managing an aging wooden ship, a less-than-ideal crew 25,000 miles from home, and the need to be the sole care-giver to their infant son, Randall. The bond between father and son thus forged was extraordinarily strong and would make subsequent events more tragic. Nellie Quick had succumbed to severe seasickness, a malady to which she and her husband would not necessarily know she was susceptible. When they were married four years earlier, he was a successful schooner captain, commanding the Sewall 3-master (later converted to a 4-master) *Carrie A. Lane* which was engaged in the coastwise carriage of coal, phosphate and sugar. Presumably Captain Quick got home to Bath from time to time. When he graduated from a coastwise schooner to a deep water square rigger, he and Nellie became rapidly acquainted with the fact that now absences from home could be upwards of a year. With a baby child, they undoubtedly decided to avail themselves of a long-standing custom in such vessels. The captain's family would accompany him on his next voyage.

After discharging his cargo in Tsingtau Captain Quick sailed the *Henry Villard* in ballast for Honolulu to load a cargo of sugar. When he arrived off Diamond Head, he was prevented from entering due to an outbreak of bubonic plague in the city's Chinatown. Instead, Quick made for Hilo, where he loaded his cargo, sailed it around Cape Horn, ultimately to Philadelphia, where he arrived in August, 1900 – thirteen months after leaving New York, and ten months after Nellie died. Quick's sister, Martha, and Nellie's sister, Susie, came to Philadelphia to fetch young Randall home to Bath.

Captain Quick sailed from Philadelphia to Savannah with coal, and from there to Honolulu with phosphate rock whereupon the *Henry Villard* was sold to new owners. In a letter to Quick, one of their more esteemed captains, the Sewalls wrote, "It is our desire and intention to give you another command as promptly as possible, but in the meantime would suggest that you make application to the new owners of the ship." Quick did take the ship for new owners to San Francisco where he found a cablegram awaiting him there that read, "Offer you command *Edward Sewall* ready sail in ten days. Must come immediately. Answer." Quick responded, "Your telegram of this date received and many thanks for your of-

fering me such a fine ship. Would love to fly to New York today, but as I had agreed to take the ship this time (to San Francisco) I had to go very easy in order to get away." It turned out, the *Edward Sewall* was delayed discharging and loading so that Quick could make it to New York in time to sail the big steel 4-masted bark for Shanghai with case oil on June 16, 1901. He first, however, made a detour to Bath to marry Nellie's sister Susie Bell and to take her and Randall aboard for a honeymoon trip around the world.



Captain Richard Quick

Thus began a remarkable twenty-one year association between a sea captain and his wind ship. The Sewalls would ultimately sell the *Edward Sewall* to the Texas Company in 1916 but it was not until that company sold the vessel to the Alaska Packers Association in 1922 that Captain Quick bid final farewell to his and his family's long-term home. During this time, Quick would gather a mountain of experiences and become one of an era's most celebrated mariners.

Richard Quick was born on February 5, 1868 at Bay of Islands, Newfoundland. He presumably went to sea at an early age. Based on his atrocious spelling and his grammar, it must be assumed Quick spent little time in school. This is knowable because almost thirty years of his official correspondence survives in the remarkable Sewall Family Papers in the Museum's library. In any event, he acquired enough skill as a seafarer to have been made first mate in a Sewall schooner *Talofa* in 1892 at age twenty-four. Less than two years later, he was given command of the *Carrie A. Lane*.

At the very dusk of the viable carriage of bulk cargoes under sail, certain cargoes along certain routes could be made to pay owners enough to make a fair profit. The *Edward Sewall* carried coal from Newport News and Norfolk westward around Cape Horn to West Coast United States ports, most often San Francisco. Round voyages often involved sailing in ballast to Hawaii to load sugar for the return voyage around the Horn to Philadelphia or New York. Quick could load upwards of 140,000 cases of kerosene (1,400,000 gallons) that was typically shipped from New York around the Cape of Good Hope to China, usually Shanghai. There were other and more general cargoes but these were the main ones.

As to profitability, between her launching in 1899 and her sale to the Texas Company in 1916, the *Edward Sewall* generated approximately \$1,000,000 in fees. Subtracting all operating expenses as well as expenditures for major and minor repairs, the vessel still produced a net profit of nearly \$500,000. And, the principals of Arthur Sewall & Co. managed several such vessels!

The *Edward Sewall* was a big vessel. A 4-masted steel bark, she was 332' long, 45.3' of beam, and 25.5' depth of hold. She

measured 3,206 gross tons and could carry upwards of 6,000 tons of cargo. Her masts towered 210' above the main deck and she set 33 sails.

To run such a vessel successfully, Richard Quick faced challenges similar to those faced by other masters of sailing vessels at this time: the weather, the cargoes themselves, and the crew. Weather problems involved the extreme conditions of too little and too much wind. From Quick's letters home to headquarters, it is hard to judge the conditions the good captain liked least. Here is a partial account of Quick's honeymoon voyage to Shanghai in 1901:

"On the passage out I found the ship worked very well in every respect. In light weather, she goes very well, and with six topsails and foresail I can get fourteen knots of her by the log.

Things went well with me (head winds and calms as usual) until the 19th of August, when I lost a man overboard. He fell from the cross-jack yard and, as it was blowing a gale at the time and dark and stormy, we could not get him. I intended to run the [east]ing down in 50 degrees south but on August 27th and 28th in lat 49 degrees thirty minutes south, 51 degrees east I got in the ice and had to run north to lat. 46 degrees to get clear of it. On the 29th we took a very heavy W. N. W. gale at noon, and I run until 8 p.m. Then it blew such a gale and such a heavy sea, and very thick weather, and knowing I was in the region of the ice, I hove the ship to under three lower topsails, and she made very poor weather, and shipped terrible heavy water.

At 10 p.m. I never saw it blow so hard in my life. We started to take in the foretopsail and it went to pieces. At midnight the maintopsail went to pieces, and at three a.m. the mizzen topsail followed, thus losing three lower topsails.

I also lost three jibs. They washed out of the gaskets as she kept her jib-boom under water most of the time. We hoisted the spanker to keep the ship head to the wind when the spanker boom broke off. The ship made very poor weather, and sometimes I thought she would never rise again, as she was overwhelmed with water all of the time. To make matters worse, the hatch bars of No. 2 and 3 washed away, and it looked at one time as if the hatches were coming off. The screw bolts that held them broke, although they look very strong.

It smashed in all the skylights on the midship and forward houses, and flooded them out. Although I had the doors in the cabin sealed up the water managed to get in, and the chart house was the only dry place to live in. Everything went off the deck that could go.

The bands on the bowsprit slipped in and slacked up all the headstays. The middle one slipped and the outer one crushed the head of the bowsprit and slipped in, so you will see by this unusual strain that it was more than an ordinary gale. Other ways, the ship did not show any signs of strain and I think she is just as strong as ever and solid as she can be. I don't think any wooden ship would ever had stood what she did. I also lost the midship house bell. It was washed out of the socket. I also lost all the running gear on the lee side, although it was well stopped up on the sheer poles, it got adrift and got out through the ports and cut off."

Coal was potentially the most dangerous of the cargoes although sometimes it was the economic temptation of a cargo that created the danger. An example of this was a cargo of wheat taken from Seattle to Queenstown, Ireland for orders. When Quick arrived at Queenstown, after a frustratingly slow voyage due to the lack of wind, he found such a favorable breeze that he sailed without a pilot straight up the Irish Channel to Dublin, his discharging destination. The only problem was that the year was 1915, there was a war on and the reason the cargo was so attractively priced was that the Irish Channel, like other European ports, was heavily mined and German submarines and surface raiders were everywhere. This time Quick (and his wife and children) were lucky.

Back to coal. Coal, given the right conditions, could spontaneously catch fire.

Written in 1910, 500 miles from Hawaii:

All went well with me until Feb. 8, 120 days out.

At three p.m. we noticed smoke coming out of the head of the foremast. I took a good look around forward and took the temperature, which was No. 2 hatch 110 [degrees Fahrenheit], No. 3 hatch 106, No. 4 hatch 118. At six p.m. the foremast began to get warm and I got the boiler filled and the fire-machine in order and everything ready to start it. But as the fire seemed to be near the mast, and I could only use the circulating pump for one purpose, either to pump water in the hold or to run the machine, and there was so little coal where the fire was, I decided not to use the sulfur, but to flood it water, and shovel it out.

We started down shovelling at once and got up steam and began pumping water in the hold. At 10 p.m. the mast got very warm and burnt the wedges out in the upper deck. The mast settled down eighteen inches [!] The Ship was rolling some and as the rigging all slacked up, things looked pretty bad. So got all hands out of the hold and began setting up the rigging and getting the forward boats aft where we could save them. We then bored a hole in the mast above the deck and filled it with water, which cooled it off some. I had to take the rigging all off the rails, and we have it fast to the stanchions now, as it came down so far the [rigging] screws were too short.

Since then, we have cleared all the coal away from the mast and I find the bottom is bent in and the keelson on the after part is bent some. But, as I can see it now, it looks as strong as ever, as it came down square on its bed. If I can do so, will make some repairs on deck, so as to get the rigging made fast and will come home with it. No doubt the Sugar people will want a survey on it, but even so shall try hard to carry out my own ideas and do what is best for the Ship.



Edward Sewall

If I can get home with it, think it will be much better as it will be a very expensive job to lift that mast in this port. That was a very small fire but a very hot one. We dug coal for one night and two days and did not come to a bit of live fire, tho' no doubt the skin is smouldering some there now. The fire only reached two feet up the mast and three feet away from the mast, on a level with the keelson. The coal was 140 with no sign of fire in it.

That fire continued to be fought for days after the ship arrived in Honolulu and, in all, consumed 700 tons of coal. The fire was finally diagnosed as being several feet deep and extending the width of the ship. It was a very close thing to save the ship.

The rest of that particular story involved Quick's ingenuity and parsimoniousness in effecting repairs to the mast himself.

Crew problems had less to do with the men as human beings than with the fact that many had never been on a vessel before, let alone having been to sea. Quick's letters over the years were filled with complaints about finding sufficient sailors to get the ship to sea. In a letter to Bath from Ladysmith, B. C. dated February 5, 1902, "I am having trouble with my crew here. They refuse to work ballast and as the Consul is a long way off I could do nothing with that today." On February 28th he wrote:

After I finish here I will tow to Royal Roads, to save time and money in getting my crew, as I can't find any shipping master who will guarantee to put a crew on board at this port, as the railroad connections are too long. Since writing you I have received a telegram from my Victoria Shipping Master saying that it was impossible to get a crew on this side of the Sound. So I will probably have to tow the ship to Port Townsend.

Writing from Honolulu on March 25, 1902:

My crew shipped at Port Townsend all deserted on my arrival here. Although they are all in debt and shipped for the round trip to New York they have the privilege of walking ashore and you can't say a word to them. In fact, they wanted a discharge from me.

Off Cape Hatteras, on August 11, 1907, Quick wrote,

Well, the first I will say is that I have got the very poorest crew this time that ever I went to sea with. My crew is 4 Manila men that came to Honolulu in the "[Erskine M.] Phelps" and never were to sea before; 6 Porto [sic] Ricans that never saw a ship, only laying at the dock at Honolulu; 4 Kanakas [a casual if not pejorative reference to native Hawaiians] that never were out of Honolulu before; and 6 beach combers that were born tired. When I look back over the road, I hardly know how we got here at all. My crew is bad and my officers are no better.

I got the mate and had the 2nd mate that were in the "W. F. Babcock" when that ship put into Bermuda, and very poor men they were. The 2nd mate was no good and 6 days out I came on deck one night at 2 a.m. and found him asleep. So that settled him for me. I put him in the forecabin and took the best man I had and made a 2nd mate of him. Though he is no officer, he has kept a very good lookout, so I have got along very well.

Well, the first night out of Honolulu, out of the 20 A. B. [Able Bodied] Seamen, two was all that new what a wheel was, and they steered very poor. So the mate and myself steered her all night, but the next day I picked out four men and made quartermasters of them and taught them to steer. So got along very well.

On July 3 a heavy sea boarded the ship, which washed the 2nd Mate over board and he was drowned, and hurt the Mate so bad that he

did not get up out of bed for 4 weeks and then he went crazy. I also had a Sailor go Crazy in the gale. I tell you I had my hands full for a while.

And, later,

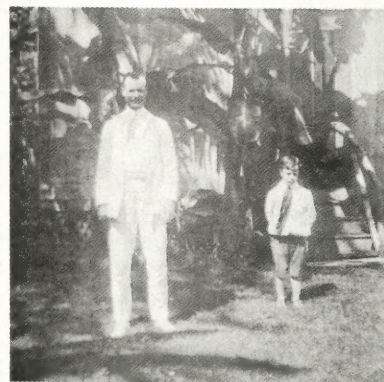
So we got along very well till off the Horn, and on the 5th of July I found myself with no mate or 2nd mate and one Crazy sailor, making 7 men in one watch and 9 in the other. And not a sail that I could set on the ship and ICE clean to the tops.

There were also examples of crews refusing to work and even downright mutiny. On a particularly damaging trip from San Francisco to New York with a general cargo in 1909 during which heavy weather was encountered at the Horn,

Then the sailors started to get funny with me because I was alone. But with the help of a 6 Shooter and a big bluff I got the best of their game and have reigned master over them ever since. . . I have turned them to every morning at daylight, which has been from 5 to 5:30, and knocked them off at dark. Have had to be up all times of night watching the ship, so your good selves can see that I have had no easy time of it.

By the first two decades of the twentieth century, sail was no longer the pathway to command. Steamship officers increasingly paid their dues in steam and wind ships became career backwaters. To even partially fill the forecastles, captains had to be a part of the process of forced recruitment called "Shanghaiing." Unscrupulous boarding house owners and their henchmen - known as crimps - aggressively "befriended" sailors and other waterfront denizens and plied them with drink and stronger drugs. Compensated in proportion to the man's future pay, the so-called shipping masters would unceremoniously dump these poor devils on board at the moment of sailing. By the time the recruits returned to relative sobriety, their home for the next three to seven months was at the end of a tug's hawser or under sail well out to sea.

Remember Captain Quick's little son? Randall was growing up to be a fine sailor. He could use a sextant, and although still a small boy, he was learning to hand, reef and steer. On one of Quick's voyages out to the Pacific during which Susie and Randall stayed at home, the sea captain received the telegram all parents dread.



Captain Quick and his son Randall

"We regret to announce the sudden death of your son - meningitis." Randall Quick had died March 22, 1907 of cerebral meningitis, aged 9 years, 4 months and 27 days, as his monument in Bath's Oak Grove Cemetery attests. Understandably, this was a terrible blow to Captain Quick, and he was to write in one of his official letters to his employers two years later while at Oakland Creek, California:

This is the worst day I have put in for a long time, and I suppose it shows weakness for a man to give way to his feelings. But this is the Dock where my Little Boy left me 2 years ago to go home, and I imagine I can see him playing around the dock with his goat and play things he had. No one will ever know how much I lost when my little

The Clipper *Snow Squall* Sails Into Our Lives

We are proud to announce the publication of another long-awaited book this past July. Most readers will have heard something over the past 15 years about the recovery of a piece of a Maine-built clipper ship from the Falkland Islands. Nicholas Dean's interest in the story sparked that project and kept it going for the years that it took, and for the last few years he has been actively researching and writing *Snow Squall: The Last American Clipper Ship*. His lively writing on the history of this significant vessel is combined with archaeologist Dave Switzer's account of the difficult documentation and recovery of the bow section, interrupted by the Falkland Islands War. In 1987, the section was brought to the Spring Point Museum (now the Portland Harbor Museum) in South Portland, where the vessel was built in 1851. Since 1993 Maine Maritime Museum has exhibited the largest piece of the bow.

Nick Dean has done a masterful job of research and writing. Lacking the original records of either owner or masters, he has pulled together the story of this last visible American clipper and the more than 40 passages she made to ports around the world. Whether she was traveling to San Francisco in the heady days of the 1850s, entering the exotic ports of Asia, or showing her heels to a Confederate cruiser during the Civil War, Nick picked up the thread of the story in a wide variety of documents. He brings the voyages to life with animated prose, and has assembled illustrations to delight the armchair traveler. Shipping lists, customs records, newspaper accounts, insurance disaster books, consular records, and two important diaries all provided clues in this

maritime detective story, which ends (at least for now) with the discovery of the only known illustration of *Snow Squall*.

The book contains 16 pages of measured drawings of the bow of the hulk; these are a part of the Historic American Engineering Record. Albert H. Gordon of New York made this book possible, sponsored much of the *Snow Squall* recovery project, and has recently committed to major support of exciting new exhibits on ocean commerce (including a unit on Maine clippers) and *Snow Squall* herself at Maine Maritime Museum. Copies of the book (all are hard-cover) can be obtained from the Museum shop, or can be purchased wholesale from our co-publisher, Tilbury House, Publishers, of Gardiner, Maine. -NL

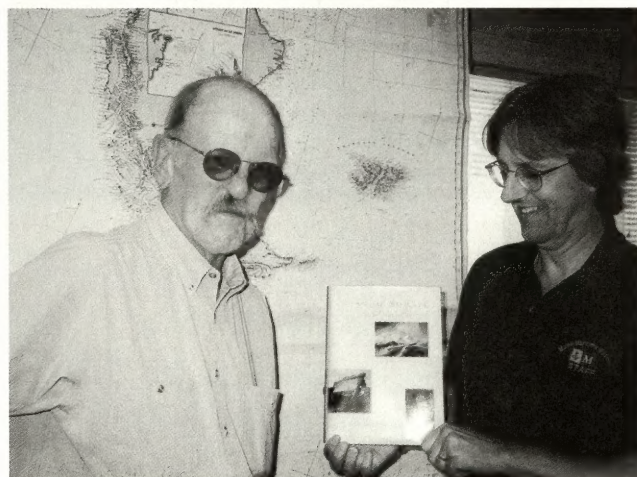


Photo by Darcie Lincoln

Author Nick Dean and Library Director Nathan Lipfert celebrate the *Snow Squall*'s arrival with a chart of Cape Horn, a donation from Dean, as a backdrop.

Captain Quick and the *Edward Sewall* (conclusion)

boy was taken away from me, and I can hardly make myself believe he is gone, but I have to. I am sorry to bother you with this in your business letters, but my feelings are terrible today and I have to speak about it.

Richard and Susie Quick together had two daughters live full and long lives, Susan and Clarabell, and these children, too, spent many of their young years at sea in the *Edward Sewall*.

The *Edward Sewall* was sold to the Alaska Packers Association by her then owners, the Texas Company, in 1922. She would cruise north from San Francisco to Alaska for the next five or six seasons acting as a floating cannery and dormitory for the cannery workers and then hauling the summer's

catch back to market. Laid up in Alameda, she was ultimately sold in 1935 to Japanese interests and towed to Japan for scrap.

Richard Quick, who had sat for his steam license in 1909 because it seemed propitious to have it in reserve, left sail forever in 1922 and for the next 18 years was master then commodore captain for the Texas Company fleet of tankers. He retired from the sea in 1940 and died in 1947. - TRW, Jr.

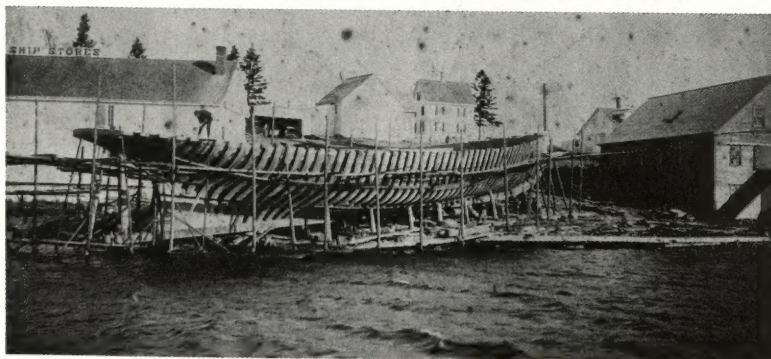
The documentation supporting this short article, together with much more, can be found in the Museum's Manuscript Collection 22, the *Sewall Family Papers*. Researchers may make use of this extraordinary collection by contacting the Museum's Library Director, Nathan Lipfert.

PUZZLER from the Library

A New Puzzler: In September of 1967, an aerial photographer from the Brunswick Naval Air Station took this pair of photographs. They show a lobster pound nestled in a tiny cove and, across a rocky sand spit, the rotting hulk of a three-mast schooner, her deck piled with lobster traps. The stern of the schooner is a bit unusual, in that her poop deck seems not to have an afterhouse sticking up through it, or perhaps it is that she is flush-decked, and her afterhouse extends from rail to rail. The questions are, where is this place, and what schooner is it? - NL



Last Issue's Puzzler: We received suggestions from Roger Willock and Roy Wheeler about this shipyard, but no authoritative announcement from anyone about what the photograph showed. Roger thought we should look at towns that were served by the railroad, since that would make delivery of engine and boiler for this steamer much easier. He mentioned specifically the Barbour yard in Brewer and the Snow yard in Rockland. Unfortunately, we can find no pictures of those yards which show features matching this photo. It did happen that vessels were towed from their place of construction to a place like Portland where machinery was manufactured and installed. Roy said he thought the picture had an East Boothbay feel to it. We agreed, but there do not seem to be any matching buildings in photographs of East Boothbay shipyards in our files. So the picture remains a puzzler – an identification opportunity, as we say in the museum business. - NL



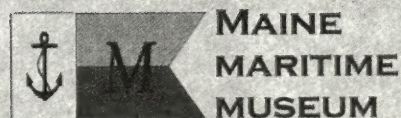
A Trio of Ships Now Represented in Collections

Each year our members and friends offer a wonderful variety of historic maritime objects to the permanent collections. Three notable new arrivals – which I've nicknamed Mary, Martha, and Mason – together provide material evidence of more than 150 years of shipbuilding and maritime history, and illustrate the broad scope of the Museum's collecting.

Objects from Mary, Martha and Mason, a trio of Maine vessels, are just a few of the Museum's recent acquisitions. From the schooner *Mary Hall*, built in Rockland, Maine in 1845, comes a rare piece: a wool bunting name pennant, the gift of C. Gardner Lane, Jr. This flag — the kind of name pennant often visible in ship portraits — sports huge red-and-blue letters applied onto an off-white ground; the flag is decorated with stars and edged in red. It's an unusual survival. Most working textiles of this age wore out long ago. And although the pennant shows appropriate evidence of wear and time, it speaks to us of a typical Maine coasting schooner of the mid-19th century. It provides a tangible link to the long-vanished vessel, to those who worked aboard her and raised her flags for special occasions, to those eagerly watching for her arrival.

The nameboard of the brig *Martha A. Berry* of Portland also represents Maine shipping in the middle 19th century. Simply carved, with white letters on a black ground, this nameboard graced the bow of a small brig or half-brig of about 116 feet long and 342 tons, built at Pembroke in 1862 or 1863. (The official records diverge in accounting for her. The Merchant Vessels' Register, an official government roster, cites her as being built at Harpswell in 1852! Could this have been the same vessel, perhaps rebuilt a decade later in another part of the state? Or was there a slip of the official pen?) From the late 1860s, the *Martha A. Berry* was part of J.S. Winslow & Co. fleet, until reported lost in 1884. Whether built in 1852 or 1863, she had a long working life. Further research will undoubtedly reveal a unique history to accompany this relic of Maine's 19th-century merchant fleet.

The Museum was able to purchase the *Martha A. Berry* nameboard for the collections. Although our budget is strict, acquisitions funds are an important



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**MAKE A GIFT TO THE
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At Maine Maritime Museum, objects, documents, books and archives chart our course through history. The collections are the foundation of the exhibitions, programs, and publications that make the Museum come alive for countless visitors. Since 1964, the Museum has acquired virtually all of its collections through welcome gifts from individuals, families, and businesses.

MAINE MARITIME MUSEUM TELLS SO MANY STORIES...

- ♦ of Maine's people and the ships and boats they built
- ♦ of fishing and lobstering
- ♦ of how our nation's wars affected maritime Maine
- ♦ of people at work along the rivers and lakes
- ♦ of generations enjoying Maine's coastal waters, rivers, and lakes

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HISTORIC COLLECTIONS
WILL HELP US TELL
THESE STORIES. (OVER)**

(clip and save)

HOW TO DONATE

Please consider contributing an object you own, or one you might purchase for our collections. Paintings, photographs, models, fishing gear, vessel plans, ship artifacts or equipment, sailors' gear, documents — the possibilities are as broad as the sea!

We will be pleased to consider any maritime donation, but will give preference to Maine-related objects.

TO DISCUSS THE POSSIBILITY OF A GIFT OR BEQUEST, PLEASE CALL

or write the Museum's
Curator, Anne Witty;
Library Director, Nathan Lipfert;
or Executive Director, Tom
Wilcox, at 207-443-1316.

The donation process is simple, and will provide you with a permanent written record of your contribution.

NOTE: Your gifts and contributions may be eligible for tax-deductible status as contributions to a non-profit institution. Please consult your tax advisor.



MAINE MARITIME MUSEUM

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(clip and save)

tool in our mission of preserving significant maritime objects in the public domain. We appreciate the financial support of Museum members and friends, especially in light of an increasingly high-priced, competitive antiques marketplace.

And now we turn to the third in our trio, *Mason*. If you've been anywhere near Bath in the last few months, you'll know that the Arleigh Burke-class destroyer *Mason*, DDG- 87, was launched from the inclined ways at Bath Iron Works amidst much fanfare on June 23rd of this year. Much ado was made about this being the "last stern-first launch," as BIW has recently completed a new land-level transfer facility that will enable ships to be built on the level and guided out into the river. As we had hoped to do, the Museum solicited and received numerous souvenirs of the *Mason* launch: a set of quarter blocks and keel wedges, commemorative coins and a Staffordshire blue-and-white plate with a portrait of the ship, printed programs, photographs, and more. These items, generously donated by Bill Van Wickler, Julia O'Neill, and Bob Clark, form an important material record of an event experienced by thousands in June 2001. We also hope to collect some technical materials on the design and building of the *Mason*.

Ultimately, the Museum collects in order to preserve the material dimension to our history, for the future. The new collections storage facility now being completed as part of the Dining-Meeting Space will provide much-needed expansion room, allowing the Museum to continue its essential collecting mission. —AW

To learn more about contributing to the collections, please refer to the clip-and-save flyer.



Crossing the Bar

Since our last edition, the Museum has bid farewell to two dear friends, Philip C.F. "Chad" Smith and William G. "Bill" Waldron.

Chad had been a guest editor of *The Rhumb Line*, and part of the selection committee for the *Wyoming* evocation, in addition to serving as an Advisory Trustee to the Museum. His passing on May 30th saddens all of us who had the pleasure of his company and the benefit of his good counsel in the years that he has been here in Bath. Our most

sincere condolences are with his widow, Meredith, and their extended family.

A member of the Museum's Board of Trustees since 1998, Bill was serving as Chairman of the Board's Investment Committee at the time of his passing on July 23. An enthusiastic mariner, entrepreneur and philanthropist, Bill was a seventh generation Mainer. He served on the Board of OpSail 2000 and the Gulf of Maine Aquarium. We express heartfelt sympathy to his family in their loss.

A Doryman's Day *(continued from page 1)*

The second story is "A Doryman's Day," in which Capt. Fisher describes his life as a dory fisherman aboard two fishing schooners in the late 1940s. You will be astounded at his detailed recall of the complex process of line-trawling for cod and other groundfish, exhausted by the amount of work done in a day on the fishing banks, and you will salivate at his teen-aged memories of the food served aboard the fishing schooners.

The last section of the book is the longest: "Mysterious Ways of the Lord, or How Captain Jack Brant of the Swordfishing Schooner *Lorna B* Found God in a Split Second and Then Achieved Salvation on the Northern Edge of George's Bank." It is an account of the methods of swordfishing under sail, with dories, in the late 1940s, combined with a fictionalized story of the awkward crew of a vessel making a fishing trip with very few prospects of success – late in the season of a poor fishing year.

Barry Fisher was a remarkable man who experienced some interesting things, and had a knack for appreciating what was going on around him. After his death in March, he was called "a founder of the modern groundfish industry" and "one of the most respected fisheries leaders of his generation" for fishermen, government officials, and fisheries scientists alike. We are grateful to him for his teaching and storytelling abilities, and glad that he had what time he did to pass along the history he experienced, and some of life's lessons.

Copies of the book (all are soft-cover) are available from the Museum Store, or can be purchased wholesale from our co-publisher, Tilbury House, Publishers, of Gardiner, Maine. We thank Jennifer Elliott and the crew at Tilbury for their talent and their helpfulness. - NL

WELCOME ABOARD!

New Members May 2001 – June 2001

Camilla Lee Alexander
Randall Anderson
John Bisbee
Ebbe & Christine Blomstrand
Mr. & Mrs. Thomas J. Bowman
Margaret Buchholz
Capt. Stephen H. Busch
Doreen Crocker
Georgia Downs
S. Foscue

Dr. Janet Fowle & Sky Wentworth
Mr. & Mrs. R. Bricker Gibson
Robert D. Graham
Mr. & Mrs. Mark L. Haley
Priscilla Hansen
Leigh & Jo Harrison
Mr. & Mrs. Thomas M. Hastings
Doris Johnson
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Stephen R. Magaw
John Monaghan
Gunnar Myrbeck
Dr. Peter Nardoizzi
Barbara Quagge
Laurie A. Sims
Mr. & Mrs. William P. Stewart
Mr. & Mrs. Neil W. Wallace
Gayle Warren
Mr. & Mrs. Thomas C. Whelan

Grand Banks Schooner *Sherman Zwicker*



Photo by Michael Fitzgibbons

This view of the deck of the Sherman Zwicker reminds us of the limitations of living and working aboard a fishing schooner.

Readers will be familiar with the Grand Banks fishing schooner *Sherman Zwicker*, which is open to our visitors every summer and fall. She is, in fact, very similar to the fishing schooners on which Capt. Barry Fisher sailed – a short rig, and a large diesel or gasoline engine between fish hold and after cabin. Her people fished in the same way Capt. Fisher describes in *A Doryman's Day*.

Readers may not be aware that she is owned, maintained and operated by the Grand Banks Schooner Museum Trust. Through the generosity of George H. McEvoy, Percy & Small's original shipyard wharf was rebuilt in 1985, and the vessel has regularly visited since that time. She is made accessible to visitors by the efforts of many volunteers from both organizations.

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Since 1852

This issue of *The Rhumb Line* is sponsored in part by the generosity of the Bath Savings Institution, 105 Front Street in Bath.

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2001 ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MEMBERSHIP

Saturday, September 15th marks the Museum's Annual Meeting of the membership
11:00 a.m. Annual Meeting - Election of Trustees (coffee at 10:30 a.m.)